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Judge

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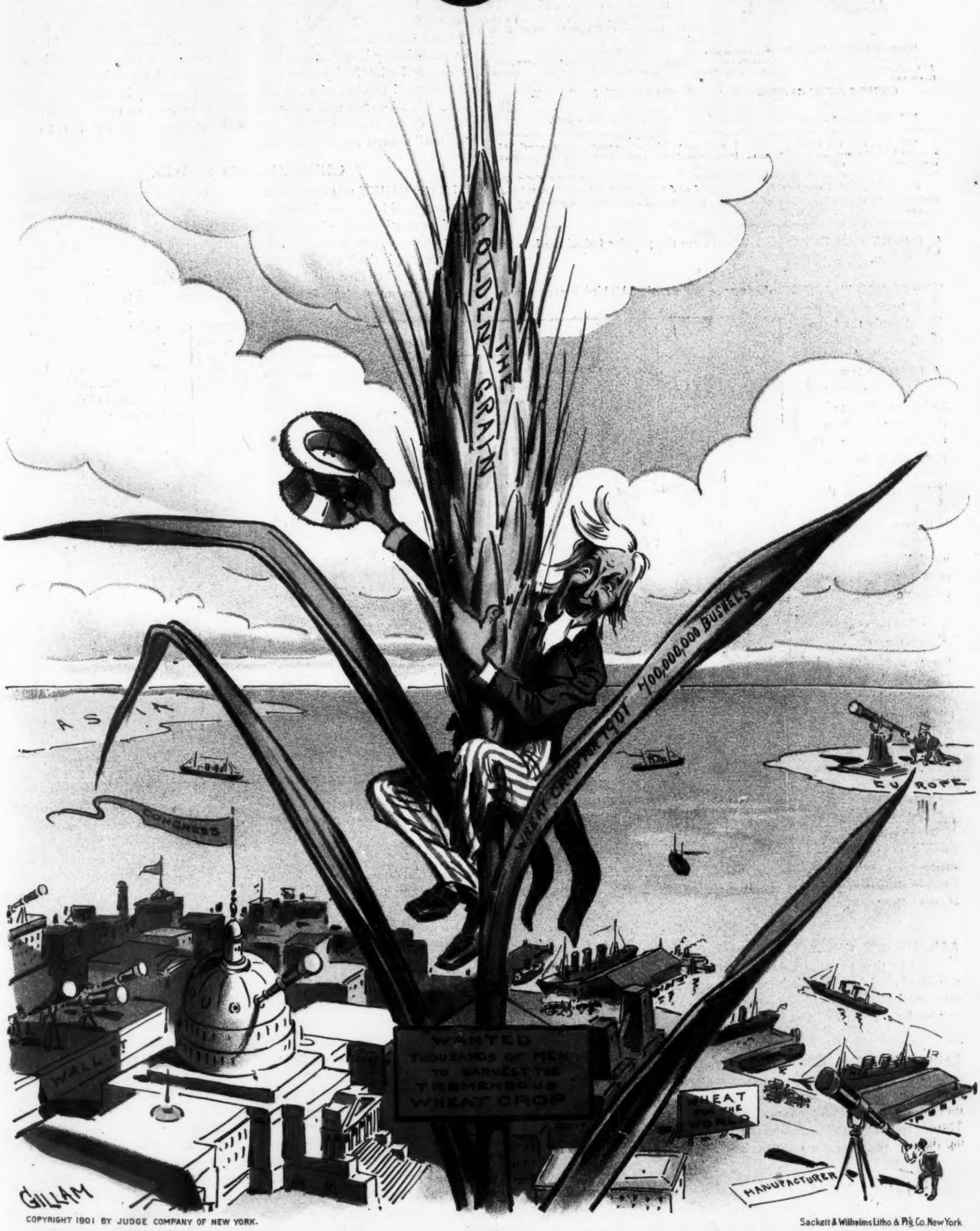

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ALL EYES ARE ON UNCLE SAM AND THE WHEAT STALK.

THE ROOT OF OUR GREAT PROSPERITY.

According to the best authority, this year's crop of wheat in the United States is going to be stupendous beyond all precedent, while Europe will have a great shortage.

Judge

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AT THE JUDGE BUILDING.

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STORMY PRO-BOER MEETINGS are the popular fad of the London season.

* * *

THEY ARE TALKING of constructing a national Third Party expressly to accommodate Mr. Bryan's third-run ideas.

* * *

A LEYLAND steamship "went on the rocks" recently; but this has no reference to J. Pierpont Morgan's purchase of the line.

* * *

THE RUMOR that Charles Frohman is to present Jeannette Gilder as *Romeo* to Edward W. Bok's *Juliet* turns out to be an after-dinner hoax.

* * *

THOSE NUDE STATUES in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts look enviably cool in the sweltering summer-time, notwithstanding puritanical critics are doing their best to make it hot for 'em.

* * *

M. DE BLOCH, of the Russian Council of State, remarks ominously that the Powers, having succeeded in finally rousing the Chinese dragon, and having kindly organized the Yellow Peril, may now shortly expect real trouble to begin.

* * *

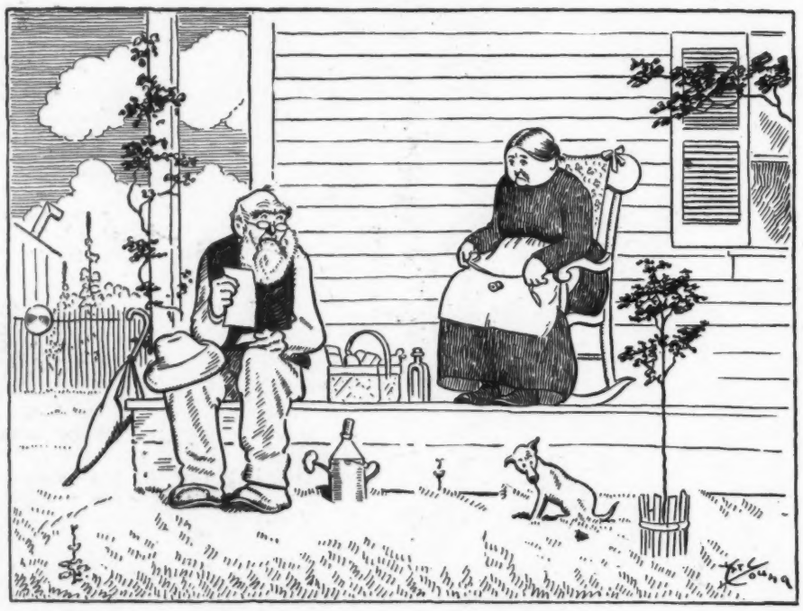
MR. JOSEPH CHOATE, our American Ambassador in London, declares that Great Britain has been mellowed by the half-century's activity of Sir John Tenniel, the veteran cartoonist of *Punch*. Give JUDGE time and he'll do as much for America, though it must be acknowledged that we have greener material to work upon.

* * *

PROVIDENCE is kind and comforting, even to Mr. Bryan and the other anti-imperialists. It transpires that three native Filipinos, resident in Spain, have been recently elected to the Spanish Parliament, and they propose, during the course of the debate on the Speech from the Throne, to bring up the question of the condition of the Philippines, alleging that the situation is worse than before the war.

* * *

"HOOT, MON!" cried the Scot, who was full as the de'il
O' your true Caledonian "wut"—
"Wi' an automobile, I ken ye're awheel,
But bicyclin' is ridin' afoot."



THEY COULD USE HIM.

FARMER KRICK—"Henry writes fer more money; says he wants to take fencin'-lessons."
MRS. KRICK—"Well, fer goodness sake, send it to him, Hiram! It's the fust useful thing he's wanted to study sence he went to college. When he comes home ye kin jes' set him to work puttin' a new fence front o' the house."

ANTI-IMPERIALISM IN MEXICO.

THE NOTED "BOSS" A. R. SHEPARD, erstwhile of Washington, is now in the mining business in Mexico, where he is locally known as a personage "of great influence, almost a king." A Mexican shot at him, the other day, with a view to assassination. Of course he missed, for, as everybody knows, a boss is no easy mark.

SACRED LOOT.

AN INTERESTING "SOUVENIR" about to be placed on exhibition in the National Museum at Washington is the lock and key to the Sacred City (the Imperial residence) of Peking, which same was sent, through Minister Conger, as a gift from the Rev. W. T. Hobart, an American missionary in China. Is the National Museum to continue to be a repository for loot? By order of President McKinley that institution has just restored to General G. W. Custis Lee the family heirloom relics of George Washington which were "taken" from the Lee mansion at Arlington during the Civil War. If that restitution is right, why is not the "sacred" Chinese acquisition wrong?

CHURCH AND STAGE.

IN THE QUIET and unassuming work of the Actors' Church Alliance, composed in its council membership of clergymen and actors in about equal proportion, and of which Bishop Potter is the president, a really effective movement is making for the elevation of the stage—though the Alliance people don't call it that. The practical crusade at present under way is directed against Sunday stage performances of all kinds throughout the whole country. This is a big job, in itself sufficient to justify and occupy the organization. But the most strikingly impressive evidence of good faith on the part of the ladies and gentlemen of the stage in connection with the Alliance is that not one of them thus far has worked it for purposes of personal advertising.

THE BEE IN HIS BONNET.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK, the so-called Belgian Shakespeare, has written "The Life of a Bee," in which he treats of the hymenoptera as though they were rational human beings acting upon human motives for the attainment of human ends. He discourses (in bee-land all the time) upon the cost of liberty, the sacrifice of individual rights, of economic systems, of political evolution, and even of the impaired intellect, the degraded character, and the "prolonged regrets" of certain bees. In short, Maeterlinck in this work reveals himself as a kind of poetic or literary Gus Dirks. This, after all, is merely a reversal of his previous dramatic form, as in his plays he habitually treats his (more or less) human characters as bees—bees of his own bonnet, whose only honey is Maurice's sweet, elusive lines.

KINGSTON'S FEATHERED KALEIDOSCOPE.

MAGENTA, orange, purple, peacock-green and vermilion geese, swimming placidly about the mirror-like surface of the mill-pond, constitute one of the most strikingly novel sights of the historic town of Kingston, N. Y. These variegated fowl are no factitious creation of the inebriate fancy; their gorgeous tints are the real thing, being simply due to the fact that a dye-factory is situated on the banks of the local streamlet. The celebrated case of Townsend vs. Bell, which was tried five times in Ulster County, and has finally been decided in favor of the defendant in the Court of Appeals at Buffalo, was a plea for an injunction restraining the said defendant from operating the said dye-factory. The said prismatic geese were brought in evidence as giving color to the charge that the said plaintiff was a villain of the deepest dye, but the court decided he was not so bad as painted. So the rainbow-hued geese of Kingston are to remain a fixture.

Judge's Funny Stories by Serious People, and Vice Versa.

BIG MEETIN'.

By Mrs. Margaret Hammond, wife of U. S. Justice Hammond, Memphis, Tenn.

MRS. MARGARET HAMMOND.

I WAS a big Baptist protracted meeting down South, and many miles out in the country—the old-fashioned kind of meeting, when the preaching began in the morning and lasted until noon, and the good people brought big baskets of nice things and spread the dinner picnic style, and then had preaching until supper-time, and then again the evening sermon. The meeting had been going on for a week, and the interest was great. Many conversions had been made, many brands snatched from the burning.

"Uncle Toby had stirred their hearts."

Sunday was to be a big day, with the morning sermon, and baptizing in the afternoon, and the other sermon in the evening. Saturday night found all the brethren pretty well tired out, and they were appointing the preachers for the next day's work. Brother Watkins was to preach the morning sermon, Brother Jones was to baptize the candidates, and Brother Hawkins was to preach in the evening. One brother spoke up and said:

"Brethren, there is a colored church just half a mile from here, and they are also having a good meeting, and I think it is our Christian duty to send one of our good brothers over to preach to them to-morrow."

Yes, they all agreed it was the thing to do, but who was to go? All the brethren were pretty well worn from the hard week just past. One old brother who had been a worker in the fold for more than fifty years, and was now eighty years old, and known to everybody, white and black, as Old Uncle Toby, rose and said:

"Brethren, I will go over there to-morrow and preach to those poor negroes."

So it was agreed that Uncle Toby was to go.

Early Sunday morning the darkies began to arrive. They came from far and near. A venerable negress they all knew as "Aunt Nancy" came in great state. She rode in her old buggy her old master had given her, and on her head, instead of her bandana, she had a hat with a bunch of roses, which her young mistress had given her to wear to the big meeting to hear Uncle Toby preach. She walked like a queen into the church and up to the Amen corner, took off her hat, hung it on a wooden peg, and then tied her bandana on her head and remarked:

"Don't none er you niggers lay a finger on dat hat. I'm just 'parin' myself to shout. When I shouts, I shouts, and I don't want nothin' to happen to dat hat, so I jes' hung it dar 'til dis meetin' is 'cluded."

And down she sat, waiting until the good brother began to preach.

The old man preached a mighty fine sermon, and Aunt Nancy did not fail to do her part. When he finished he was somewhat exhausted and called on Brother Rube Gayden to lead in prayer.

"Aunt Nancy rode in her old buggy."

"Brer' Rube ain't here," said a voice from the congregation, "but Brer' Abe Wisinger is here."

"Well, Brother Abe will please lead in prayer."

The excitement was great. Uncle Toby had stirred the hearts of his audience, and the shouts of "Amen! God bless Uncle Toby!" were heard from all sides as Brother Abe prayed and prayed. And then he wound up by saying:

"And now, O Marster, beg you will hab mercy on dis good ole brother who has jus' ligh'ened us so much wid you blessed gospel. He hab give us, Marster, a mighty flow of sperets; he hab warmed up our hearts an' giben us heabenly food. Oh! bless him, Marster, for he is ole an' feeble; he hab been a faithful leader so many years. Now he is blind, he cannot see! He deaf, he cannot hear! He lame, he cannot walk! He got one foot in de grave an' t'other no business out! Amen!"

Margaret Hammond
Memphis.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

EMMA CARUS.

O Emma Carus, cara Emma,
The following is my dilemma:
I hear but rag-time music, and despise it.
(Such is my duty, as a critic
High-classical and analytic.)
Yet I adore it, as *you* vocalize it.

DIDST EVER THOU?

DIDST ever thou awake, awake,
In the dead, the dead of night;
And hear the foaming billows break
On the shore, the shore, in their flight?

Didst hear the wild wind's weary song
Through the moaning forests roar—
The frightened witches' motley throng
O'er treetops, screeching, soar?

Didst hear the thundering waterfall—
All this—and maybe more?—
And find it only, after all,
The man who snores next door?

OSCAR AMERINGER.

LOOKS SUSPICIOUS.

IS IT a sign, or is it not,
And one that needs attention due,
That, when the cashier buys a yacht,
He means to be a skipper, too?

SHE ACTED THE PART.

Miss Slappem—"That Clara Wilder is as good as a circus! Think of her being engaged three times this summer!"

Mr. Goodheart (extenuatingly)—"Well, she wouldn't be an up-to-date circus without three rings!"

MADE TO ORDER.

Ted—"How long has the old hermit lived around here?"

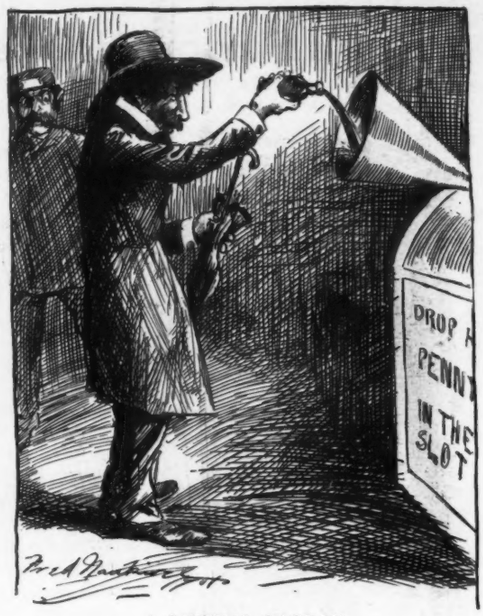
Ned—"Ever since the summer hotel opened."

OMINOUS.

Yotter—"What an appropriate name they've chosen for the English cup racer!"

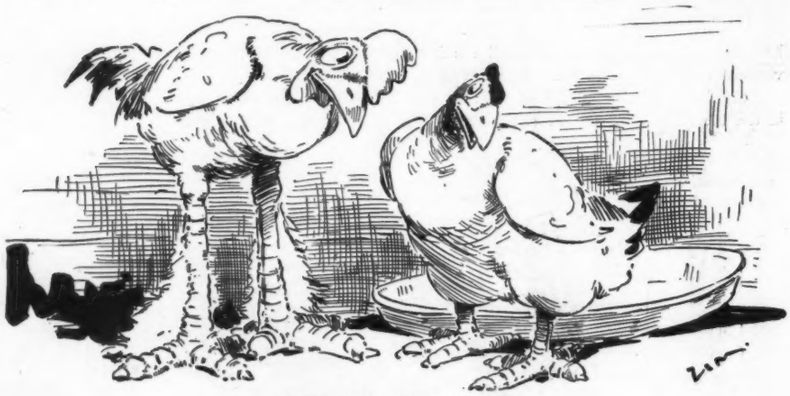
Potter—"How?"

Yotter—"'Shamrock'—second!"



A LIBERAL PATRON.

COLONEL CHERRY (*of Blue Centre*)—"A machine 's kin sing like that deserves more'n a penny."



SENT OUT THE ALARM.

THE ROOSTER—"Did you know that a colored man was caught last night while trying to rob one of the hen roosts?"

MRS. COMBS—"I'd ought to—I was the hen that squawked on him."

A SHOCK.

CASEY—"Wasn't ye shocked and pained to hear av Clancy's sudden death?"
COSTIGAN—"Indade and Oi was! He owed me thirty-five cints."

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A UNIVERSAL RULE.

GLADYS—"A Turkish woman doesn't know her husband till after she's married him."
AGNES—"No woman does."

SMALL LOSS.

AGNES—"Did Ferdy Newbroker come out ahead in that wheat deal?"
HAROLD—"Oh, 'way ahead! He won nearly five hundred dollars and lost nothing but his mind."

THE CUSSEDNESS OF GRASS.

I TRY as hard as I can
By every method known,
But alack and alas!
I can't kill the grass
That pops through the road
of stone.

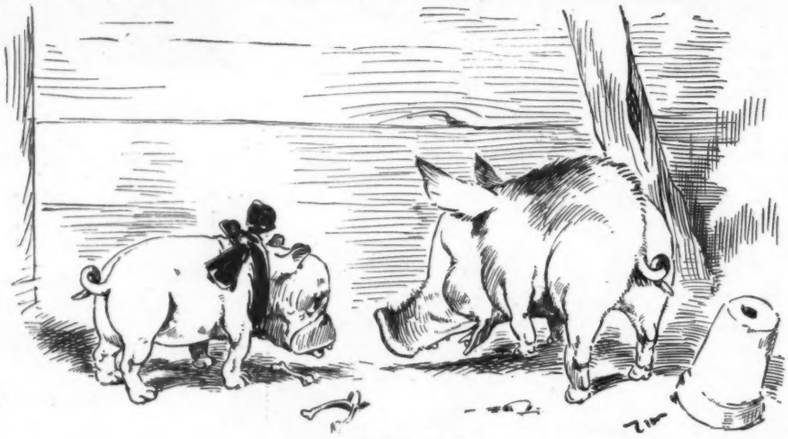
And even as hard I strive
At twilight and at dawn,
But alack and alas!
I can make no grass
Grow out on the old front
lawn.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

TURF TALK.

Wango—"Do you think there is anything in playing the races?"

Gowan—"Not unless you can work them some way."



A SQUELCHER.

THE PUG—"Clear out of my back yard! I don't care to associate with plebeians."
THE PIG—"Call yourself down, Puggsy. I've got just as much of an aristocratic kink in my tail as you have."

UNPARDONABLE.

Friend—"What made the boss discharge you?"

Drug-clerk—"When I cleaned the window I put in a new sheet of fly-paper and threw away the old one with all the dead flies on it."

SOME SATISFACTION.

First British officer—"It's a pity that chap De Wet is such a beastly, unintelligent brute, doncherknow, or we might capture 'im."

Second British officer—"Ya-as; but 'e's no soldier, doncherknow."

DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY HE SAID IT.

MRS. BLINKINS—"I want some of them hose thet yer advertisin' so cheap."
FLOOR-WALKER—"Garden-hose?"
MRS. BLINKINS—"Well, I don't know 's it's enny of your bizness whether I wear 'em in the garden er not."

A PROMISING FIELD.

MRS. ISAACSTEIN—"Der shtreets of heaven flow mit milk unt honey, Shacob."
LITTLE JAKEY—"Ach! how I should like to go dere next summer unt sell fly-screens on commission!"

A BUCK BORED.

THE SHIRT-WAIST.

THE women claim their feelings hurt,
They're kicking up a fuss,
Because we men adopt the shirt
That first they stole from us.

J. J. O'CONNELL.

TOOK HER AT HER WORD.

Mrs. Smith—"Don't you hear me ask you for a dollar?"

Mr. Smith—"I do."

Mrs. Smith—"Then why do you only give me fifty cents?"

Mr. Smith—"Because you told me yesterday to believe only half that I hear."

TOO MUCH.

He—"I will be entirely frank with you, my dear. This afternoon I visit the race-track, and to-night I play poker at the club."

She—"And I will be frank with you. This afternoon I go to a church-fair, and to-night I have a bridge-whist party."

He—"But don't you know that I can't afford it?"

HARD FACTS.

MAY—"Do you think that engagements are made hastily?"
NELL—"Not when a girl is over thirty."

GETTING HIS BEARINGS.

THE FEMALE—"I want my photograph taken."
PHOTOGRAPHER—"Yes'm. Want a likeness, or something handsome?"

PROPOSAL IN THE PHILIPPINES.

HE.

SAY, honey, do you sabe love,
I'd pronto like to know?
The reason of my question, sweet,
Because I love you so.

SHE.

Me no sabe love you spik.
What for you spik lik dat?
Me tink you spik no cara me,
An talka tru him hat.

HE.

By all that's right and good, I swear,
My heart lives only here.
I—I—I amo you—yes, that's the word—
I amo you, my dear.

SHE.

You spik you amo me, soldar?
Me tink you loco true;
An me—me tink me poco same,
Me amo same as you.

MORAL.

Love speaks all tongues, and thus it is,
'Mid arctic chill or tropic flame,
The little god arriveth at
His destination just the same.

ROBERT V. CARR.

A MILKING IDYL.

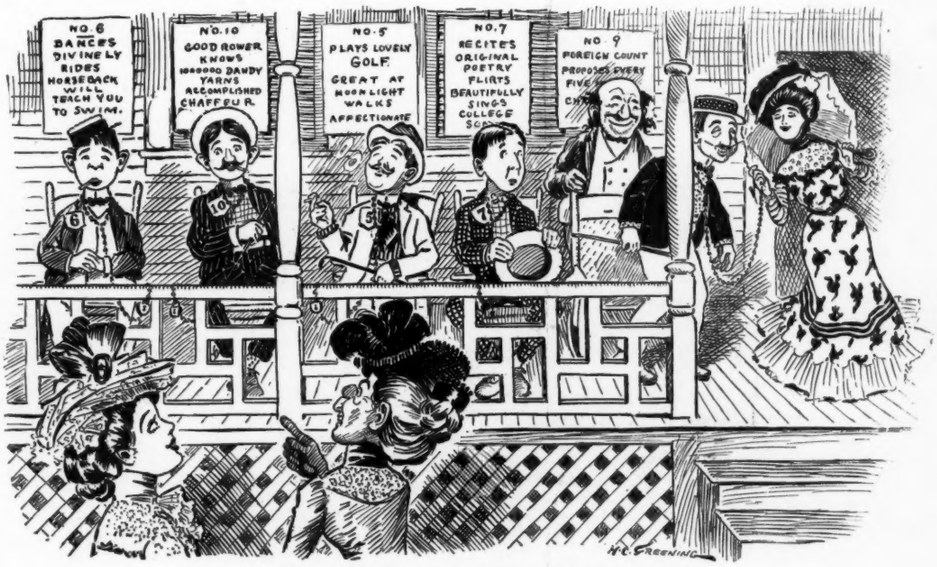
THE red cow in the clover
Most wildly lashed her tail,
And kicked the farmer over
And rolled him on the pail.

The farmer rose demurely,
And with a vim intense
Annexed that cow securely
Unto the picket-fence.

Then, at a safe range sitting,
With speed he did not fall
To send the rich milk flitting
Into the big tin pail.

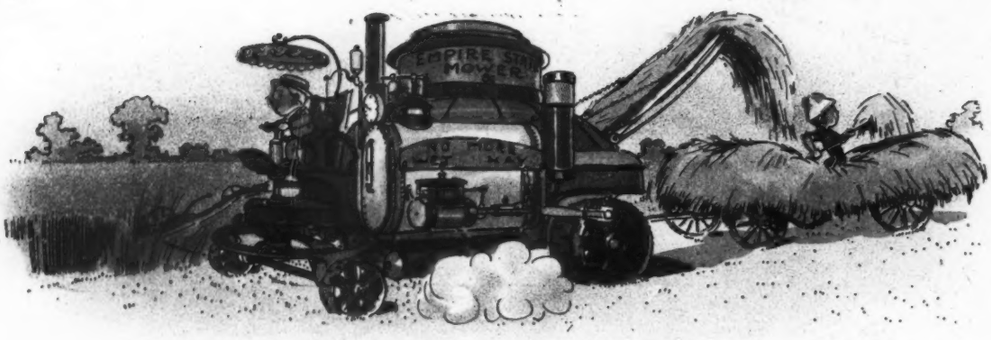
His joy did not diminish,
He sang triumphant songs,
And milked unto a finish
Old Bossy with the tongs.

E. K. MUNKITTRICK.

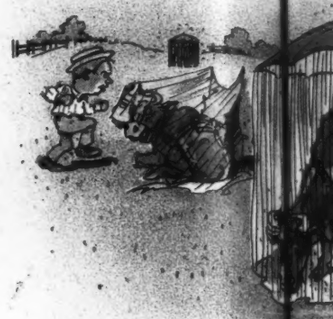


A HINT TO SUMMER-HOTEL PROPRIETORS.

Why not add an escort bureau to your attractions if you want to make a hit?



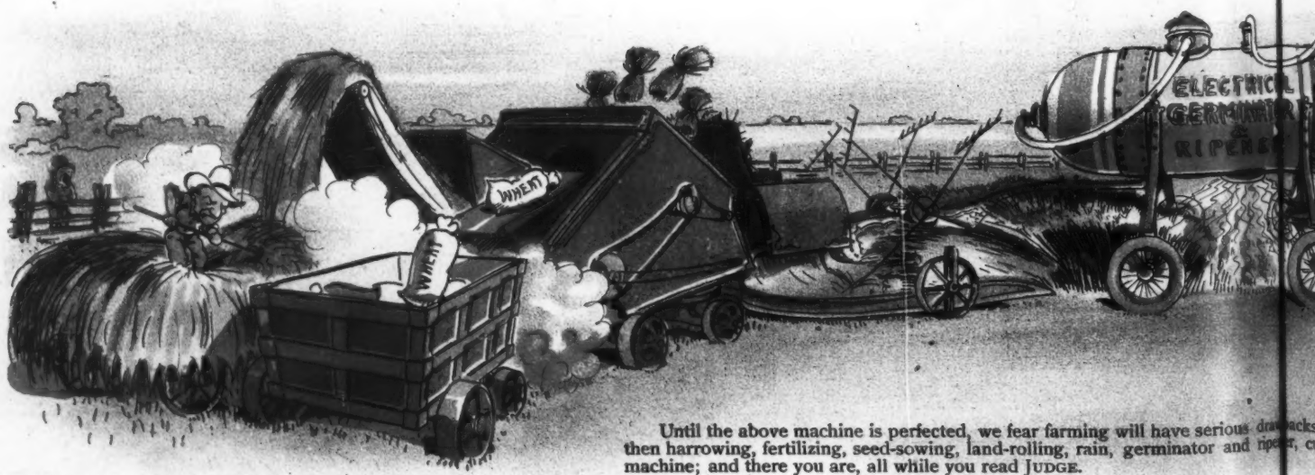
Until the weather bureau gets better control of the elements, this sort of a mower is an absolute necessity.



The humane man will appreciate th slight drawback—the cows sometim smash things.

Munkittrick's idea of circumventing the chickens is effective, sure enough, but I found cultivation rendered slightly difficult.

Don't sell your horses until you are sure your automobile will pl



Until the above machine is perfected, we fear farming will have serious dra then harrowing, fertilizing, seed-sowing, land-rolling, rain, germinator and ripe machine; and there you are, all while you read JUDGE.

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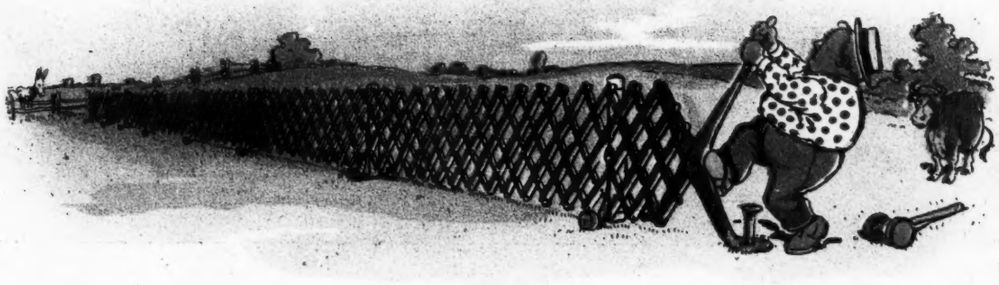
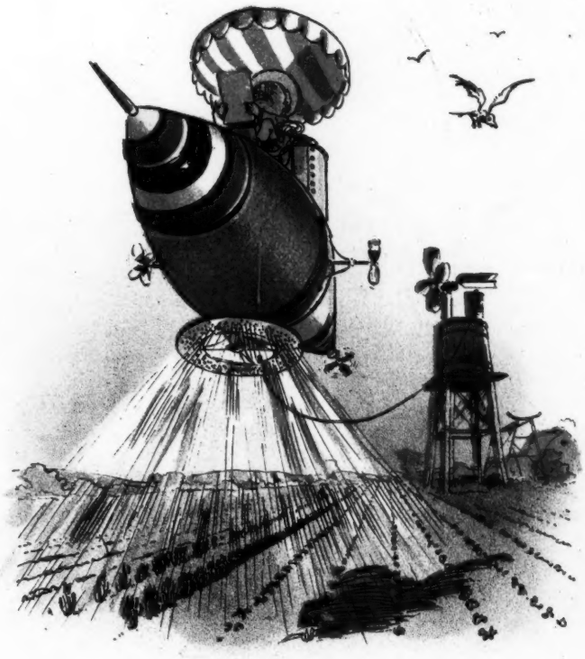
SOME SUGGESTIONS ON FARMI
WHO HAS TRIED HIS LU

ill appreciate this idea. It has one
cows sometimes lay down and

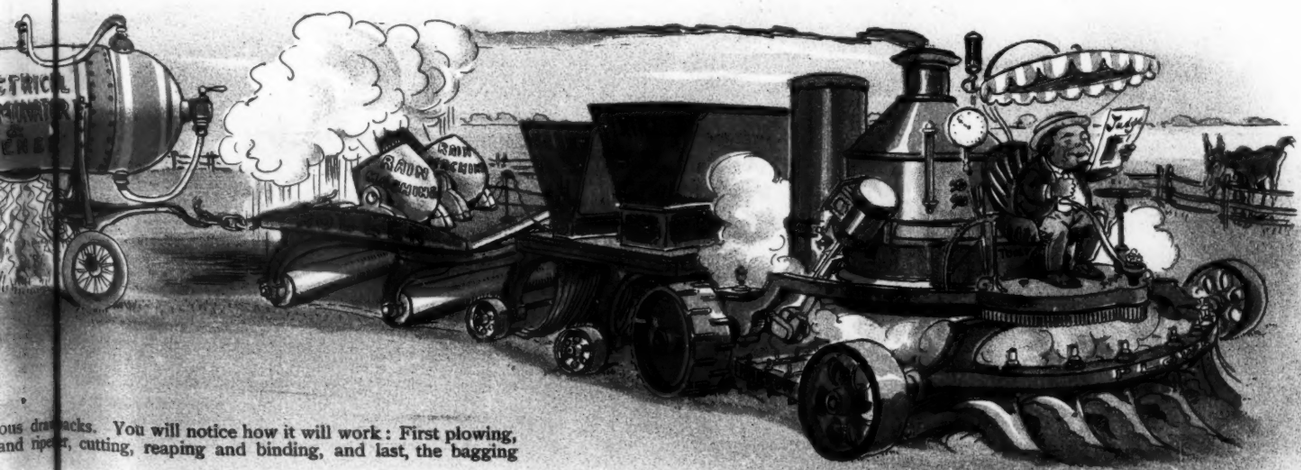


For changing fences, some one ought to patent this; it would beat 'em all.

omobile will plow. I tried it, and it didn't work.



If you are looking for ideal irrigation, use this and don't depend upon rain.



ous drawbacks. You will notice how it will work: First plowing, and ripener, cutting, reaping and binding, and last, the bagging

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho & Ptg Co. New York.

ARMING BY A CITY MAN
HIS LUCK AT IT.

The Reverend Johnson proves a little Christian Science.

THE HYPHENATED.

NAMES of great men all remind us.
We can make our own sublime,
If we can but make the printer,
Spell them all out every time.

AT THE SHORE.

She — "It will take us half an hour to get back to the hotel."

He — "And in that time I must know my fate."

She — "But I cannot give you my answer then."

He — "Oh, I know that. But by that time I will know how much my hotel bill is."

GOO-GOO EYES.

MICKEY (*sighing*) — "Oh-h-h, if Maggie O'Hoolihan wud only look at me like dat!"

ADOPTION!

SAID sonless and daughterless
Mrs. McCabe
"I'm so blue, I feel so alone!
I think I'll adopt a motherless babe,
That ever will be as my own."
And she kept her word,
And "the babe" proved "a bird"
When a maiden she came of age;
For she said to her ma,
"I'm so blue! Ta! Ta!
I'm going to *adopt* the stage!"

WALTER PULITZER.

A SHIRT-WAIST MAN.

HIS SISTER — "Willie Jones, you take my new shirt-waist right off or I'll tell ma, do you hear?"

THE ONLY WAY.

"YOU seem to have a lot of relations. How do you keep track of them?"

"I read the obituary column in the papers every day."

A GREAT Princeton color combination should be found in a negro with yellow fever.

THOSE DEAR GIRLS.

Madge — "She was in a collision and had all the enamel scraped off her wheel."

Dolly — "How lucky she was! If she'd taken a header she'd have had the enamel scraped off her face."

HANDICAPPED.

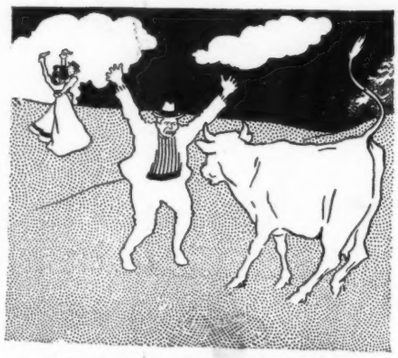
Dolly — "Your ride in the auto must have been just lovely and exciting."

Madge — "It was exciting, but not lovely. Charlie had to use both hands to work it."

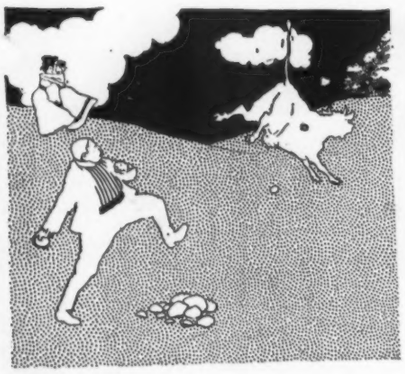
HIS GALLANTRY WAS A BOOMERANG.

"Goodness! There's a terrible cow!"

"Heavens! The beast is coming this way!"

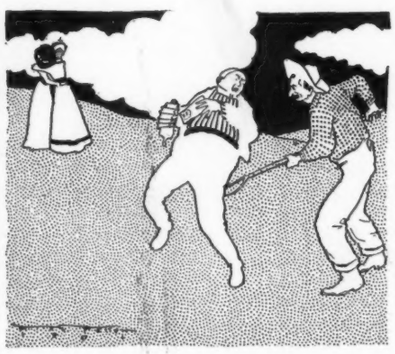


"Fear not, ladies. Scat! Shoo! Get out!"



"Bing! Thud! Blump!"

"Oh, don't mention it. It was nothing. I am always happy to aid fair woman in distress."



"Chase my caeows an' git 'em all riled up, will ye! Well, I'm the sheriff o' this here caounty an' I'll fine ye twenty dollars. Air ye goin' to pay?"

US-LAND TO ENGLAND.

(A Plea in Equity. July 4th, 1901.)

Blind bully, Samson, grinding so,
We laugh, we laugh to hear you roar,
The while you boast you shot a Boer
And burned his house and all within!
Why, donkey with the lion's skin,
You did all this to US of yore,
And yet—we banged you, don't-cher-kneow?

We banged you, banged you, laid you low,
At Saratoga, York, and such—
We Irish, English, Scotch and Dutch!
Then learn to let such folks alone;
Then learn to let King George's throne
Remember; it won't cost you much—
But then—you're English, don't-cher-kneow?

And we're your sons! But we shall grow,
Grow fairly, squarely, tall, alone—
A continent that scorns a throne!
What makes we US-men want the earth
And all Acadia's wealth and worth—
All earth and Canada, our own?
Why, we're part English, don't-cher-kneow?

Invader, outlaw, Freedom's foe,
The time has come when you must pay
For towns you burned, or—Canada!
We banged you twice, can bang you thrice—
Old man, there's music in the air!
Get out, get off and call it square,
Or music, music, don't-cher-kneow?

Fair sister of the sun and snow,
Broad Canada, brave, stanch and true—
What star to stud our field of blue!
And if your king, Edward the Fat,
Should signify he don't like that,
Why, we'll annex old England, too—
We yearn for islands, don't-cher-kneow?

JOAQUIN MILLER.

HOW TO ENJOY AN OUTING.

The first thought in arranging for an outing is how to secure the maximum benefits and pleasures with the minimum discomfort and disappointment, and the great increase in the number of votaries of outdoor life every year makes the question of food supplies a dominating one. Ever since the days of Robin Hood and Sherwood Forest lovers of outdoor life have depended upon ale to open the way to the full enjoyment of the occasion. The same good old customs which prevailed in olden times are in existence to-day, as evidenced by the great increase in the ranks of the grand army of recreation seekers and their pronounced partiality for Evans' Ale, which has become famous as a summer beverage among lovers of outdoor life for the way it imparts vigor and enjoyment to an outing. The sparkling, frothy, bubbling way in which it pours out delights the eye and attests its perfect condition. Evans's is the one ale most suitable for all places, whether in the mountains, at the seashore, on a yacht, or traveling by train or boat, because it is always in the same perfect condition, and because it cannot spoil, no matter how abused in handling, due to the fact that it does not contain a particle of sediment.

As an appetizer and general tonic, mix quarter wine-glass Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, fill with iced water, add teaspoonful sugar.

"Fo' mahself, I like turkey better'n chicking," said the first deacon. "So do I," said the second deacon rather absent-mindedly; "but we mus' be satisfied wif whatever we find in de coop."—*Arkansaw Thos. Cat.*

Hamfat—"Can I put up here?" *Hotel-clerk*—"Yes, if you put up."—*Chicago American.*

WATTERSONIAN PHILOSOPHY.

Let him who will recite the glories of successive defeat; but let the dead past bury its dead. Of us it shall never be written; of Mr. Bryan may it not be written:

"Soothed by the sound of his own voice,
The orator grew vain,
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes
And thrice he slew the slain!"

—*Henry Watterson, in Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Weak men are but strong men's followers. Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, imparts force and vigor.

Perhaps Madame Bernhardt assumes that she will be old enough to play *Little Eva* as soon as her *Romeo* tour is over.—*Baltimore American.*

PHILADELPHIC ORACLES.

Anti-fat is intended to lighten one's weight, and still it is sold for gain.

A teacher may relate anecdotes to her pupils, but she shouldn't tell tales out of school.

Artists' models should have good faces; but, after all, figures are what count.

You are not likely to hear a Spiritualist say, "I don't care a rap."

—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

At every exposition where the Sohmer Pianos have been brought into competition with others they have invariably taken the first prize.

Gotham—"Is that a fact, that the Boston streets are so crooked?" *Hubb*—"Yes; that's straight."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Among the most conspicuous exhibits of the Buffalo Exposition is the Monroe Doctrine.—*Baltimore American.*

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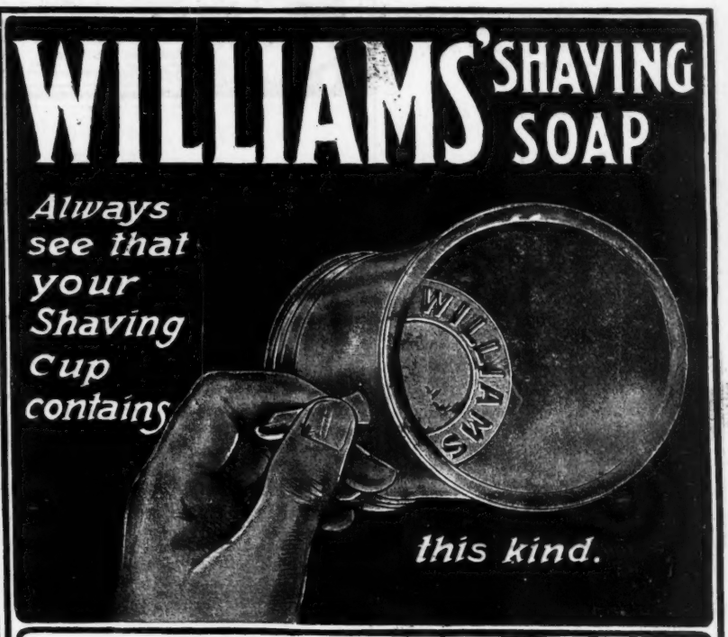

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Dimples with violet lights the roadside pool;
Changes on shoreland crags the ocean's ire
To penitential music; veils the trees
With nebulous emerald; feeds with flameless fire
The undaunted crocus; garbs in bridal white
The orchard aisles, that marrying birds and bees
May warble and buzz more jocund; night by night
Wins for the drooped sun purpler pageantries;
And dawn by dawn, when Heaven's pale gates unclose,
Divinelier tinges its auroral rose!

—*Edgar Fawcett.*

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Church—"Wasn't that unusual for McKinley to decline a third term?" *Gotham*—"Oh, yes; very unusual. Most Presidents don't have to."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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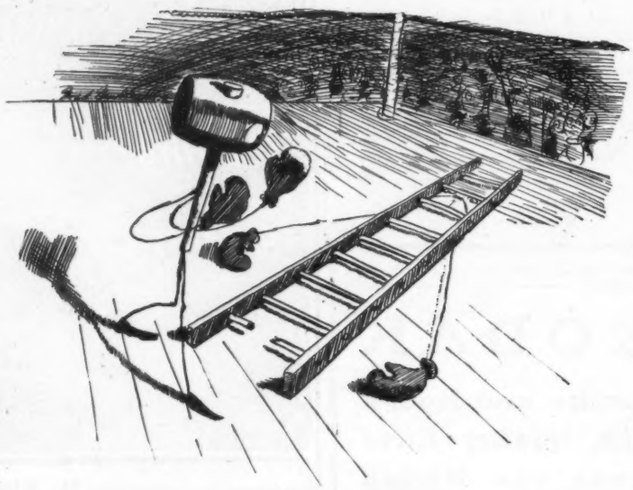

PUGILISTIC NOTE.

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—*Buffalo Express.*

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THE CASE OF THE GRAY MARE.

The case of the gray mare, it may be remembered, had for its hero a man, who, disgusted with finding the wife the head of so many homes, set out to discover one household with the husband at the head. Along with him he took a bay horse and a gray mare, one of them to be presented as a reward to the object of his search. From house to house the man went for many miles, only to find in every case the wife at the head, and so acknowledged both by her husband and herself. After many days' journeying he came to a dwelling where the wife, in answer to his question, promptly said: "My husband is the head of this house." "At last!" sighed the man to himself; but still he was incredulous, and in spite of the woman's protestations that she never dared to cheep about anything—her husband had it all his own way and his own say. He insisted upon interviewing the husband, too. "Oh, I'm the head of the house," declared the husband with becoming modesty; "entirely and completely its head in everything." Convinced that he had at last found the unfindable, the man trotted out his two horses and told the husband to choose which one he liked better. "I'll take the bay," said the husband. "No, the gray mare," interrupted the wife. "I prefer the bay," said the husband. "You'll take the gray mare," said the wife—"do you hear? the gray mare." The husband smiled faintly. "All right," he said weakly; "the gray mare, then." But the man with the two horses was riding off. For all we know, he is riding yet.

Master (to journeyman joiner)—"Do you call yourself a workman and turn out a job like that? Have you ever served any time at all at the trade?" *Man*—"Aye; I served a proper apprenticeship long afore you ever started in business." *Master*—"Well, what have you been at since?" *Man*—"Well, I've been out on strike pretty well ever since."—*Pick-Me-Up.*

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Mistress (to cook)—"But why do you want to leave, Mary?" *Cook*—"I don't like the cookery, mum." *Mistress*—"Why, you cook the things yourself!" *Cook*—"Yes, I know, mum; but I'm only a plain cook, and I thought when I came here that you would make some tasty dishes now and again, mum."—*Pick-Me-Up.*

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AN EDUCATIONAL SUGGESTION.

By K. K. Munkittrick.

THE business of teaching by correspondence has obtained such a hold on the public, and has become so lucrative a pursuit, that I often wonder why some competent person does not launch a correspondence college of burglary. There are colleges of pharmacy, journalism and illustrating, that do all their teaching by correspondence, and if these professions can be taught on paper, why should not a perfect knowledge of the paying mysteries of burglary be given in like manner? Burglars, of course, like poets, are born, not made; and it is not likely that a college could make a great burglar of a man who has neither an ambition nor a bent in that direction. Yet it could give a series of lessons on the practical and mechanical side of the business that would be of inestimable value to the student, if he really has a foundation, however crude, to build upon. There are many burglars who are now too old and feeble to follow their calling, and who have not sufficient political influence to obtain positions of trust under the local government. These men might form themselves into a faculty that would carry their college to success and make for themselves comfortable livings, if not colossal fortunes.

Burglary being a perilous business, the college could teach not only the easiest methods of effecting entrances through barred windows, but also the quickest and easiest methods of escape in cases of alarm. It could also teach the subtle method of hypnotizing the mastiff and causing him to lead them to the valuables, and, in the event of being cornered, to turn and gather his master by the throat in order to choke off his cries for assistance.

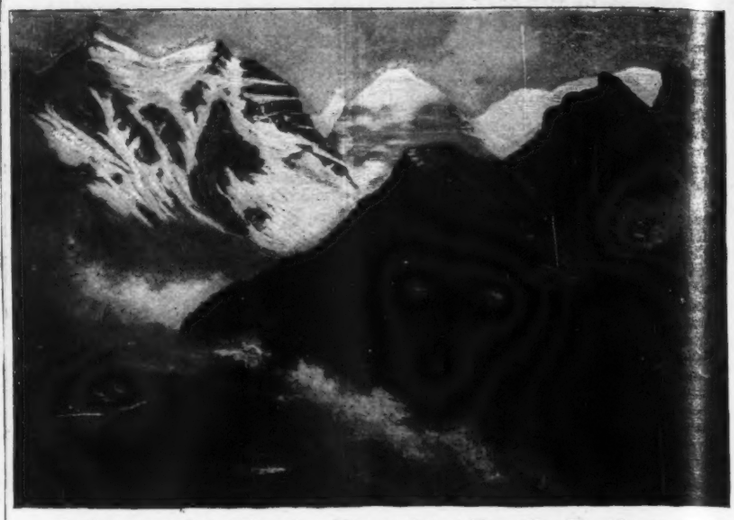
Many a burglar comes to grief for the simple reason that he doesn't know his business. While doing his best to be faithful to his art and true to himself, he merely gropes in the dark, so to speak, without even a dark lantern of intelligence to guide his footsteps.

A superficial course of legal instruction could be introduced to show the prospective burglars how to give the law a close shave with the razor of sagacity and still land the prize. A kindergarten department might ground them in the rudiments of the craft and carry them to the point at which they are proficient to pick a lock with an invisible hairpin or button-hook. Then there could be a course in the highwayman's art and post-graduate courses in panhandling, flim-flamming, slack-wire walking, and wrestling. The slack-wire practice would enable the burglar to run like a deer or a moon-kissed tomcat along the top of a paling, and the wrestling would enable him to throw the head of the house and stun him, thus enabling him (the burglar) to escape without taking life.

The Correspondence College of Burglary could in time issue a catalogue setting forth the fact that any man can get anything, no matter how far out of his reach it may be, and still keep out of reach of the long arm of the law. It could tell how a safe can be cracked like an egg, and how dynamite may be made to explode noiselessly. It might boast that none of its alumni ever landed in prison, and that it has many in every state in the Union enjoying a large and lucrative practice. It could likewise print a book of testimonials from graduates setting forth in glowing terms a history of their various nocturnal exploits and the extent of the crops garnered during these excursions. These books would naturally fall into the hands of uneducated burglars serving terms in prison, and each of these unfortunates would, in all probability, after his "coming-out" party in the fall, lose no time in sending his remittance to the college for a full course of instruction. This would doubtless have a good effect, inasmuch as, if all the burglars should succeed in their calling without detection, prisons would become superfluous institutions, and this would in time do away with criminal courts and judges. This almost incalculable saving of money for the state would be a great benefit to the taxpayers, and, in short, even the people burgled could stand their losses without a murmur.

The courses of instruction, like those of illustrating and journalism, could be pursued without interfering with one's regular employment while carrying on the said courses of study. Thus a man might have the book open before him like a piece of music and be studying as hard as possible while in the very act of opening clams in the market. And he might open the said clams with a jimmy for practice and inspiration. The prospective reward of merit would doubtless serve as a stimulus to supreme effort on the part of the toiler and artisan, who would change their environment and rise to higher things. There are many men to-day who have made their fortunes by pursuing methods that might not stand the searchlight of virtuous criticism for any considerable number of minutes consecutively, and these men might endow a Correspondence College of Burglary, with various scholarships, and in return receive the coveted hood or mask that should accompany the degree of Master of Burglary, Bachelor of the Dark Lantern, Doctor of the Jimmy, etc., etc.

Therefore let some of the retired burglars that were shining lights in the past come forth from their seclusion as educators and take possession of this great untilled and flowery field. Let there be a Correspondence College of Burglary by all means, fair or foul, forthwith, that the great unemployed may have an opportunity not only to become self-sustaining, but to enjoy the ordinary luxuries of life instead of wearing out their lives and trousers-seats while becalmed on park benches envying poets, plumbers, and other plutocrats. I should feel highly honored if asked to join the business department of such a college in the capacity of treasurer, with a fifteen-minute flying start.



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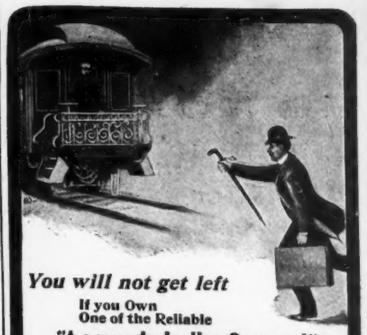

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HE WAS GETTING OLD.

DAUGHTER (visiting the old folks)—"What! yo' ain't had a chicken sence Abe was 'sent up'? I doan' wondah, mudder, dat yo' feel de disgrace so badly. Ain't dere no help fo' it?"

HER MOTHER—"No, chile, dere ain't no help fo' it. De ole man am so awful bad wit' de roomatism dat he couldn't beat a dawg ober de back fence, let alone keep ahead ob a chawge ob buckshot!"